



MISCELLANY.

THE BETROTHED.

(concluded.)

In rather more than an hour 'The Kite' neared the point Abernethy, a mile westward of which was the miserable hamlet, destined for the reception of her cargo; and, without any obstacle to their progress, the smugglers cast anchor in the little bay, which bounded the hamlet on the side nearest the sea. Their vessel was anchored in such a situation as to enable them to land their cargo without the assistance of the boat, by forming a line from the ship to the shore. The business of unloading began, and was conducted with all possible celerity and secrecy. Tub after tub was handed to their comrades on the strand, and deposited safely in the carts which had been brought to receive them. Nothing was ever managed so skilfully, or seemed to promise so well; when, just before they had finished, the glare of a torch which had been lighted, flashed upon one of the men on the beach, and revealed to the astonished smugglers the person of a well known revenue officer! Fifty hands were clutching at his throat in an instant; and cutlasses flashed in the dubious torch-light, while some cocked their pistols to revenge upon this bold intruder the stratagem which he had thus daringly used. No sooner, however, was this unanticipated discovery made, than a large posse of officers, with about a dozen soldiers, rushed forward, and, rescuing the gauger stood ready to defend the prize, of which they had so cleverly possessed themselves. But the smugglers were not inclined to give it up so readily, and they, also, hastened towards the beach to regain their goods.

Cynric, whose hot blood was quickly on fire, stood foremost among his comrades, and was immediately recognised by some of the opposite party. The gauger, a daring fellow from Fwllhel, opened the parley. 'Now, I tell you what, my fine fellows, we don't want to touch any of your lives, or harm your limbs; all we want is the tubs we have helped you to run; and you shall have your schooner into the bargain—so take yourselves quietly off, and leave us the cargo.'

'We will see you d—d first,' bawled a dark-mouthed fellow; 'and if you don't give up the goods you have cheated us of, we'll pepper your jackets with a few pills that you won't like.'

The gauger whispered to those who stood near him, and then addressed himself to Cynric. 'We did not expect to find you in such company, Mr. Owen; but you may be of service to these men, if you will persuade them to take the terms we offer. You see, our party is strong, and well prepared for the worst, and I suppose you know the penalty of resisting his Majesty's officers in the execution of their duty.'

'His Majesty's devils!' shouted the former speaker, before Cynric could reply. 'We don't care for his Majesty, or you either; and so, my lads, let's to work, and have a whack at the gauger!' He made a rush forward as he spoke, followed by one or two of his comrades, and the next instant he fell weltering in his blood, and completely transfixed with the excise-man's cutlass. All further parley was at an end, and the conflict became general. The uproar that ensued was wild and terrible. The crowded state of the combatants—their irregular and impetuous mode of fighting, with the curses and yells, mingling with the clashing of swords, and the occasional report of fire-arms, created a scene of horror and confusion. It was some time before the soldiers could form themselves into line; but when they did so, they commenced a regular fire, which proved awfully fatal to the smugglers. Several were killed, many were wounded, while those, who could, fled to the schooner, and were allowed to escape. On the other side, two men were slain, and several wounded, but the gauger, who was a very devil in the *melee*, escaped unhurt. Not so with our unfortunate, Cynric. A musket ball passed through his arm, which, although it did not break the bone, caused him nearly to faint from pain and loss of blood. He was, of course, with many others, apprehended; and, before morning, he was safely lodged in the strongest dungeon of Caernarvon Castle, a part of which was at that time used as a county jail.

The intelligence of this adventure spread rapidly among the hills, and was conveyed with all the marvellous additions, which it had acquired on its journey—safely to the knowledge of Lucy Morgan. Poor Lucy heard the account with dismay; but not with astonishment. Sad forebodings had haunted her mind, since her last interview with Cynric; and now that her suspicions were confirmed, and the dreadful re-

sult revealed, although she bore the shock better than if it had been entirely unexpected, still her heart could not bear up entirely against the torrent of grief which now overwhelmed it. 'I do not—I cannot hate him,' she said as she rose from old Lowry's arms. 'He is Cynric—my Cynric still; & all this crime has been brought upon him by others, and not by his own heart. I am pledged to love him; and love him I will, even to—' she could not proceed, but sinking shudderingly on Lowry's bed, she sought, in a troubled slumber, a temporary alleviation of her sorrow.

Time passed on, and the summer assizes drew near. Never before or since was the great town of Caernarvon so crowded with company on such an occasion; for Cynric's situation had excited the interest of all classes. At length the important day arrived which was to decide Cynric's fate in this world; and he stood at the bar in a situation which none can be more terrible. I have heard my aunt Martha say—for she, with many other ladies, was in court—that she had seldom looked upon a handsomer man than he was; although confinement and the workings of his proud spirit, had somewhat dimmed the sparkling fire of his dark eye, and cast a shade of shame and melancholy over his fine and manly features. He stood erect and firm, and pronounced, when challenged, the words, 'Not Guilty,' in a tone which would have carried conviction to the hearts of all but a judge and jury. In less than three hours the trial was at an end; and the jury, without retiring, gave in their verdict—'Guilty!' There were many tears shed in court that day. The foreman of the jury sobbed when he pronounced the fatal word; the judge was moved when he heard it; and, in his charge to the unfortunate prisoner, he wept, as my aunt said, like a tender maiden. Amongst them all the prisoner himself was unmoved—even the sentence itself, pronounced as it was with the tremulous, faltering of strong agitation, caused no other emotion than a slight compression of the lips, & a momentary flashing of that still sparkling eye. There was no blanching of the cheek—no hurried beating of the heart—although only one short week remained between Cynric and the scaffold.

All this time poor Lucy had been suffering severely from sickness. A violent fever, the result of all this misfortune, had kept her hovering between life and death; and she had but just begun to leave the house when Cynric's trial took place. Of its result she had no doubt; she had made up her mind to the worst, and all that she wanted was to see him once more before a violent and disgraceful death should destroy him. Her father had been with him very often; and if Cynric did entertain any hostile feeling towards his kinsman, it was now completely eradicated by that kinsman's unwearied kindness.

Pryce Morgan did not attempt to dissuade his daughter from visiting her condemned lover; and he obtained permission from the magistrates to allow their interview to be private. Cynric was apprized of the day, and even of the hour; and he waited in fearful impatience for its arrival. Lucy came—but ah! how changed and wasted! Her features—pale as monumental marble!—& appearing almost deathly from the contrast of her deep mourning—were expressive of the most withering sorrow. Her form, still, indeed, beautifully graceful, was but the shadow of its former self; and her blue eye, once the betokener of love and joy, was now dimmed and faded, and spoke only of hopes withered, and of happiness destroyed. We will not profane the sanctity of that meeting, by intruding upon its privacy. Supported by her father, Lucy entered the cell, and supported by her father she quitted it; and many a weary day passed by before a smile was seen to play again upon her melancholy and care-betokening features.

The day of execution was fast approaching, and Cynric seemed perfectly reconciled to his fate. 'Hope' had long since—'withering, sighed farewell!'—& the Bangor Gazette was full of commiseration at the magnanimity and resignation of the prisoner. At an early hour, on the morning of the fatal day, the gaoler, accompanied by the clergyman, who had been assiduous in his attendance on Cynric since his condemnation, repaired to his cell—but it was empty—Cynric had escaped!

Never was a criminal's salvation more rejoiced at than this. Even the gaoler himself, although subjected to reprehension for his negligence, was not sorry; and the people who had come from the most distant parts of the adjacent country to witness, in those parts, the rare exhibition of hanging, departed to their homes, rejoicing at the cause of their disappointment. But how did he escape? This was now the material for gossip and wonderment. As far as conjecture went, it seemed that

some of Cynric's late confederates had contributed very considerably to his liberation; for many people now remembered to have seen a strange vessel in the offing for two or three days previous to Cynric's disappearance. Now the cell which he occupied was in that part of the castle which abuts upon the sea. It had a window well barred, it is true, and at a fearful height above the water; but what were these, when opposed to the daring exploits of his late confederates? At all events, he was gone—and gone nobody knew where. And poor Lucy, while she was grateful for his liberation from a disgraceful death, could not but hope that he might at some distant time return, and claim her as his dear betrothed wife.

It was towards the close of the festival of All Saints' eve, not many years ago, that two horsemen found themselves on the summit of a rugged pass in Merionethshire, known by the name of the Pass of the Frozen Portal. They were on their way to Dolgelley, the rude capital of the wild county just mentioned. Military men they both appeared to be; and one, who rode somewhat in advance, though not sufficiently so to be beyond the sound of the other's voice, was evidently of a superior rank to his companion. In conversation neither of them seemed inclined to indulge; and so they rode on in silence, with the exception of an occasional question from the officer, who did not seem to be so well acquainted with the *locale* as his attendant. Traversing this rude and desolate district, they gained at length its western termination, but not before they observed some dark and rugged clouds rising from the west, and spreading swiftly over the sky. Descending into the valley, and the scenery became so beautiful, that, notwithstanding the indication of the coming tempest, they could not refrain from occasionally lingering to gaze upon some grand or lovely spot, as it burst on their sight. The descent from the pass I have mentioned into the vale of the Gwynion is very gradual; and long after our travellers had left the barren rocks of the defile, they still continued to traverse very high ground. Few scenes, even in Wales, can compete with that which was now exposed to the view of the horsemen. Beneath them was spread a vale richly cultivated, and copiously embellished with wood, water, rich pastures, and smiling habitations. Its boundaries on each side were lofty hills, stretching from east to west, and terminating in another mountain range, spreading out into apparent infinity. High above all, on the south, towered Cader Idris, the monarch mountain of Merionethshire; and second to none in Wales, the mighty and mist-clad Snowdon alone excepted; and now, reposing in the soft gloom of an autumnal evening, it appeared some huge petrified monster congealed on the surface of a mountainous ocean. Far, far in the west gleamed the blue surface of the river Maw, or Mowddach; and in the very heart of the valley was the little town of Dolgelley, surrounded by a shadowy mantle of smoke, the abode, apparently, of tranquillity, and happiness, and love.

But the clouds were gathering faster & faster; and as the wind began to moan amongst the trees, our travellers thought it best to urge on their horses, as they were not very desirous to be overtaken by a storm in a situation so bleak and distant. The rain had already begun to fall ere they reached a small alehouse, at the junction of two roads, known by the name of the Cross Foxes. The house was sufficiently mean and uninviting; but glad to escape the pelting of the pitiless storm—and in those upland districts storms are, indeed, pitiless—they readily alighted, and while the colonel stumbled into the house, his attendant took charge of his horse, and saw it, as well as his own, safely deposited in a shed at one end of the building.

The colonel's appearance caused no trifling consternation to a group of merry rustics, who were 'keeping' with great spirit the festival which they had met to celebrate. The sudden apparition of a stranger—probably an Englishman, & certainly one of rank far superior to their own—startled them from their propriety; and the loud laugh of jocund mirth, which the colonel heard as he pushed open the door, was changed into an indistinct and hushed muttering, in a language not more musical than that of the Cherokee Indians. 'Do not let me disturb your mirth, my honest fellows,' said the colonel, as he witnessed the confusion which his unexpected appearance created, 'I come but to shelter myself from the shower that is falling.' The company, among which were two or three rosy cheeked lasses, stared still more, when one of the girls said, 'Dym saeson, sir? Here, Evan,' said the colonel to his servant, who had just then entered, 'you can talk Welsh,—

I will leave you to explain matters to these good people, and to quiet their fears of being devoured by an English stranger. Tell the landlord to give them as much ale as they can drink.' Evan in a very short time was, with true soldier-like freedom, flirting furiously with the girls, and drinking the colonel's health with a hearty gusto with the men.

The colonel had seated himself on the old high-backed settle by the fire, where, wrapped up in his cloak, he remained apparently inattentive to what was passing around him. He was roused, however, from his reverie, by the following conversation, every word of which he understood, although carried on in Welsh. As our readers, many of them at least, may not be so learned, we shall endeavor to translate it into English.

'And so it was more than fifteen years ago, was it,' said Evan, 'since the affair happened? And what became of the young devil, Cynric Owen?'

'He went off to 'Merica after he broke prison, and no one ever heard of him after; and for the gang, that was soon knocked up after this business.'

'Is the family still at Garthmeilan?'

'Miss Lucy is, but the old gentleman is dead these four years and more. I was shearing there this season: and though Miss Lucy is a nice good lady, I don't much like him who is to marry her.'

'To do what?' exclaimed the colonel, starting from his seat, 'to marry her?'

'Yes, indeed truth,' answered the man in very intelligible English, but startled somewhat at the suddenness of the colonel's interruption, 'peoples was say so: and isn't he living close by, and has been this long time. But he must make haste, if he means to have her, for the doctor says she'll never get well.'

'Is she ill then?' asked the colonel, in a voice so low and mournful as to make an impression even upon the rough hearts of his companions.

'Is indeed, and has been this long time,' answered one of the girls; 'and it's all about that false-hearted, wicked wretch, Wild Cynric, as they called him. I wish he may be hanged, that I do,—the good-for-nothing cruel fellow!'

The colonel hid his face more completely in his cloak, and sinking down upon the settle, seemed greatly agitated by the intelligence which he had just heard. 'Bring me some brandy!' he shouted to the landlord after a pause, 'and be quick about it.'

The landlord brought a tumbler half full, and was going to fill it with water, when his guest snatched the glass from his hand, and drank up the raw spirit at one gulp. Starting up, he exclaimed, 'Now, Evan, bring out the horses!'

Evan looked imploringly at his master—for the rain was beating smartly against the casement. 'It rains hard, your honor; and—'

'Hold your tongue, sirrah! and do my bidding! Quick! Begone!' And Evan went,—for he well knew that it was useless to reason with his master; and, however deeply he regretted leaving such comfortable quarters, and such merry companions, there was no alternative; and so the horses were quickly at the door.

'You have had a good skinfull of all, Evan,' said the colonel, as he mounted his horse, 'and our horses are not at all blown. Now, drive your spurs into Captain's sides, and follow me; we have some rough ground to go over, & a good hour's sharp riding—it will be hard work, I promise you.'

Evan merely uttered his readiness to obey; and striking their spurs up to their rowels in the horses, away they rode through the rain, as though they were on a matter of life and death.

Evan could not conceive what whim his master had now got into his head. Fitful, and strange, and impetuous he well knew him to be; but he generally had some cause for his oddities; but here, there was none—none, that is, which he knew of. So puzzled, therefore, was Evan to account for this sudden freak: nor was his curiosity diminished, when, on arriving at Dolgelley, instead of tarrying for the night, as Evan fully expected, at the Golden Lion, he galloped across the quiet little town, and rode on towards the mountains which bound the county on the south-west. 'The devil is in my master now, to a certainty,' thought Evan, 'to go along through the pelting rain at this rate! and the night coming on too! Well, with all his whimsies, he is a good, kind master, and I'll follow him to the world's end—even such a night as this—if he likes.'

They rode on swiftly and in silence, till they came to an old mill by the brink of a brawling river, whose waters, flooded by the rain which had fallen, rushed in foam and fretfulness over its rocky and uneven bed. The colonel reined in his panting horse. 'You will stop here, Evan,' he

said, hurriedly, 'till I send for you. Morgan Davies will give you lodgings.'

'Shan't I go with you, sir?' asked Evan.

'No...you shall see me again soon, or hear from me.' And again did the colonel strike the spurs into the horse, till he swiftly sped up an acclivity in the road, & was out of sight in an instant.

The colonel followed the sinuosity of the road till he reached a white gate, which glistened in the gloom. This he pushed open, and found himself in a narrow path, which was plentifully encumbered with stones and brambles, but which nevertheless led up the mountain-side towards a mansion of considerable magnitude. The colonel quickly reached the brow of the mountain, and the mansion lay before him, an indistinct and gloomy mass in the increasing darkness. No signs of festivity and joy were there. A faint sickly light issued from three or four of the lower windows: but all was as still and as silent as the grave. 'This looks not like a bridal,' thought the colonel, as he breathed more freely, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. 'This looks more like the house of mourning and desolation.' He walked his horse into the court before the house; and his arrival was greeted by the loud barking of curs...appendages always to be found attached to Welsh mansions...great and small. A gray-headed servant came to the door with a lantern in his hand; and as the light fell upon the colonel's fine martial figure, he started with surprise at the sight of so important a visitor, at that unusual hour.

The colonel, as he alighted from his horse, inquired if Miss Morgan was at home? The old man stared in a strange manner at the question, and the colonel repeated it. 'Is Miss Morgan...is Lucy within?'

'My poor mistress,' replied the man, falteringly, 'has been dead these three days.'

'Dead!' echoed the colonel, as he staggered against the door. 'Great God of heaven! this is terrible.'

Long did poor Cynric...for he it was...remain overwhelmed by the weight of this withering intelligence. Through all his toil and peril, in all the sickening vicissitudes of his absence, was he cheered and consoled, when he thought of Lucy's love and Lucy's fidelity.

'In all his wandering her fond love
Had been to him a dear delight:
A dawning star beaming from above,
A cheering ray of gladdening light.'

And the shock which now fell upon him was almost too much for his bruised and broken spirit to bear. When, however, the violence of his grief had somewhat subsided, he disclosed himself to old Howell, who conducted him in silence to the apartment where Lucy's remains were lying. Here he left him; and Cynric was alone with the corpse.

What a meeting was this! To part with those we have loved, and to kiss their cold and clammy lips is, at best, but a melancholy task; and what must poor Cynric's feelings have been, under all his complication of misery and remorse! Severely beautiful was Lucy in death: the sorrows of her existence had not passed roughly over her...but, softly withering her joyousness, had at last conquered, and reduced her to the state to which we all must come. Cynric drew off the white sheet which was thrown over the coffin; and his tears fell fast, when he saw on her marble bosom the old gold coin which he had given her at the Betrothing! It was her wish, Howell afterwards told him, to have it buried with her; and the last words she uttered were breathed in prayer for him. 'Ah! sir,' said the old man, 'she deserved a better destiny; but God is good, & there is no striving against fate.' Cynric echoed the sentiment, for he felt its truth, as exemplified in his own unhappy existence.

Cynric remained till Lucy was buried: and then left Wales for ever. He added largely to the provisions which Lucy had made for the servants, out of the wealth which he had acquired in India: and then repaired to some distant clime, to pass the remainder of his days a restless wanderer...a sadder and a wiser man. He was never seen in Wales again; but the scene of youthful follies...the old mansion, the woods, the rivers, and the 'everlasting hills'...remained unchanged, echoing now to the loud and gleeful shouts of another generation, and presenting a *tout ensemble* of prospect, than which none can be more magnificent, more varied, or more surpassingly beautiful.

MATRIMONY—LONGEVITY.

Some very curious facts on the subject of marriage, as connected with longevity, are stated by Dr. Casper in a paper of his lately published at Berlin. Odier, was the first who set on foot the inquiry with exactitude, and he found (Bibl. Britannique

1814,) that in the case of females the mean duration of life, for the married woman of 25, was above 36 years; while for the unmarried it was but 29 1-2. At 30 there was a difference of four years in favour of the married; and at 35, two years, and so on. It may be said, perhaps, that married females ought to be considered as picked lives; but, as Dr. Casper observes this is far from being generally the case, especially in the middle and upper classes of society; it is chiefly among the lower orders, where a livelihood is procured by labour, that importance is attached to the bodily health and vigour of the female. With regard to men, we gather from Deparcieux's and the Amsterdam tables, that the mortality of those from 30 to 45 years of age is 27 per cent. for the unmarried, while it is but 18 for the married; and that for the 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference becomes still more striking as age advances: at the age of 60 there are but 22 unmarried men alive for 48 married, at 70, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80, for the three bachelors who may chance to be alive, there are 9 Benedicts. The same proportion very near holds good with respect to the female sex; 72 married women, for example, attain the age of 45, while only 52 unmarried reach the same term of life. M. Casper, in conclusion, considers the point as now incontestably settled, that in both sexes marriage is conducive to longevity.

THE NEW YORK MURDER.

REFLECTIONS.—Who is the Murderer? The denouement of the tragedy of Ellen Jewett continues to agitate the public mind beyond any event that we ever heard of or saw in any city. Yesterday the excitement exceeded anything hitherto known to have sprung out of this awful drama. It is rapidly becoming a doubtful point, notwithstanding the startling circumstances, whether the poor unfortunate girl was destroyed by the young man now in the custody of the public authorities. It is asked—is it possible for a youth, hitherto unimpeached and unimpeachable in his character, to have engendered and perpetrated so diabolical an act as the death of Ellen Jewett was? Is it the character of crime to jump at once from the heights of virtue to the depths of vice?

It is true to human nature and to Shakespeare, her master and pupil, that villainy does not at once develop itself any more than the poisonous Upas grows in a day, an hour, or during the sun shine of an agreeable afternoon.

The various circumstances indicating the probable guilt of Robinson—can they be explained? Can they be accounted for? Can they not be shown to be naturally growing out of other person's guilt—of a deep laid conspiracy of female rivals—of the vengeance of female wickedness—burnings of female revenge?

The cloak—the hatchet—the twine—the whitewash pantaloons—the traces of blood—all the circumstances accumulating to cover the youth with guilt—may yet be explained at the trial—a trial which, in deep interest, heart rending pathos, remarkable features, and startling developments, will surpass any trial that ever took place in New York.

One of the most remarkable ideas which have occurred to us, tending to throw a suspicion over the guilt of the unhappy young man, is the probability that Ellen Jewett may have been put out of existence by one of her own rivals in the same degraded caste of society. She was beautiful and accomplished, and accordingly attracted all the attentions of the young and the old—the single and the married—who had been in the habit of visiting such places. Would a young man of intelligence and refinement, barbarously slay a lovely and accomplished female that adored and idolized him, as he would a wild beast of the forest? Is it natural to suppose that such a fiend like purpose could emanate from a youth whose countenance is indicative of any thing but villainy? whose former life has been without a stain, except falling a victim to the fascinations of Ellen Jewett? How could a human being possessed of human feelings—a man in any respect, take up the unstained hatchet, & deliberately strike that beautiful alabaster brow, without freezing to the spot in horror at his own atrocity? How could a man act so terribly towards lovely woman?

Many minds believe it utterly impossible—utterly beyond nature—utterly incomprehensible. Many of the degraded beings who have seen the superior attractions of Ellen Jewett, could not help feeling a jealousy at her extraordinary success and power. On many occasions, Ellen, we are told, received enclosures from her admirers, in the South and West, containing bills of five hundred dollars and upwards. Money she was supplied with in the greatest abundance. There was no want of cash in her drawers. She was profuse and generous—so were all those who came within the verge of her attractions.

Is it not just as probable that her deplorable end was produced by the enmity of some heartless malignant rival, living in the same house...and blighted by her superior charms, than that it was caused by the calm and imperturbable Robinson?

It is a horrible thing to convict a man of the greatest of all crimes...of an accumulation of crime without a parallel on record...except, indeed, it be on the clearest, strongest and most undoubted evidence. The public ought to pause before it permits itself to criminate a young man of hitherto unblemished reputation. The way

of life led at such infamous establishments as Rosina Townsend's may as likely produce such acts as any private quarrel or jealousy between Ellen and Robinson. The old lady keeps numerous boarders...all young women, more or less agreeable and pretty. None of them, however, could compare with Ellen Jewett. She the pride of that infamous house, called the City Hotel in Thomas street, and knowingly let out for such purposes by one of our most respectable and pious citizens. She concentrated all attention—she was the flower of that garden of death...she was the beautiful ruling spirit of that place of perdition...she gave a refined character to all its licentiousness...elegance to its debauchery...and spirit and intelligence to its ignorance and vulgarity.

Robinson's Miniature.—This we saw yesterday, at the Police office. It was found in her possession, and is a circumstance decidedly in his favour. If the refusal to give up his letters and portrait, was one of the causes of the act attributed to him, how came he to forget the purpose of his villainy? The portrait is a beautiful piece of art...elegantly enclosed in a green case. The features are beautiful and ruddy...rather more round than oval...with a species of bronze clustering round his forehead. He wears a pointed linen collar, bent about half down his neck.

Another Visit to the Scene.—What a scene of desolation her room presented after the removal of the lovely remains of the unfortunate! Every thing was in confusion. Fragments of books, dresses, bonnets were strewn around. Beneath an old boot that formerly adorned her beautiful ankle was found a copy of Lalla Rookh which had been read and re-read, till it looked like a school book, which had gone through a whole family of young ones.—In an old bonnet that once flaunted its feathers over that alabaster brow which the murderer's axe has despoiled, we found a copy of Halleck's poems, every leaf cut and apparently well read. Beneath a fragment of fine velvet, constituting a portion of her winter dress, was discovered Byron's Don Juan and Beppo, in all the elegance of binding that London could afford.

What an air of elegance and intellectual refinement, without the slightest approach to principle and morals dispersed itself round the apartment!

On turning over one of the linen sheets we found a most elegant octavo volume, in splendid London binding. What could it be? Who would imagine what it was? We turned over the leaves—looked at the title page. It was a recent splendid work of Lady Blessington's entitled the 'Flowers of Loveliness,' and treating on the resemblances of females and flowers to each other.

What a crowd of recollections this singular circumstance brings up to mind!

Lady Blessington! one of the fairest—yet most beautiful...one of the most unprincipled—yet most enchanting women now living in the world?

Lady Blessington and her two sisters, were the daughters of a vintner, who kept a small tavern near or in the city of Cork, Ireland. They were young, beautiful, and served his customers at the counter with glasses of whiskey at a sixpence each drink.—Possessed of talents without principle, they started in the career of ambition. They picked up general knowledge as well as they could—they rose step by step, till one of the Miss Powers became Lady Blessington—another Lady Canterbury—and a third, Lady something-else.

The recent publication of this woman was thus found in the boudoir of the poor unfortunate Ellen Jewett.

In another part of the room we found several receipts for the Albion newspaper, the Mirror—the Lady's Companion; all having been paid in advance, one year, and very recently, too. She was a great patroness of our light city literature, and esteemed highly the Knickerbocker & Monthly.—N. Y. Herald.

Letters have been received in town from Texas of dates subsequent to the massacre of San Antonio de Bexar, in which it is said that volunteers are pouring into the province in great numbers from Louisiana, Arkansas, and the neighbouring States, with a determination to sweep the Mexicans from the territory they have invaded. There was even a report that Santa Anna had offered to withdraw his troops from the province provided he was suffered to do it without molestation but this is doubtless premature.—N. Y. Evg. Post.

Gen. Gaines arrived at New Orleans on the 28th ult. from Mobile, and left in the afternoon for Jessup, agreeably to orders, to command the troops garrisoned there to protect the western frontiers near Texas.

Davy Crockett is dead. He has often said 'he wished he might be shot,' and he has been. Unquestionably, he was a brave and a daring man, rich in those qualifications which fit one to be a pioneer in a new country, and to head hardy spirits in the paths of enterprise. He was out of his element in Congress;—but he was an honest man; which is more than could be said of many who used to ridicule his homely good sense. He fell bravely, and will be long remembered as a patriot and a soldier, when the recollection of his coarse eccentricities will have faded from every mind.

We have heard one story of Crockett, which we do not remember to have seen in print; and if it has been, we crave indulgence for reproducing it, since it is so characteristic of the man. Being in a menagerie at Washington, he chanced to stand

next a member of Congress who was looking very earnestly at a monkey in a cage. This member had given honest David some slight on the floor of the house, at which he took deep umbrage. Steadfastly beholding the monkey, he said to his companion,—'if that there animal had spectacles on, he would look just like Colonel —, of Indiana wouldn't he?'—What do you mean, sir?' said the gentleman, turning on his heel, in a rage.—'Bless my eyes,' responded Davy, 'I have got myself into a pretty fix. I have insulted a human being and I must ask somebody's pardon; but I wish I may be shot if I know whether I ought to ask yours, or the monkey's!'—Pa. Gaz.

A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. 'Well, my friend,' said his Lordship, 'I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you.' The farmer replied, that anticipating his Lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and he thought that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship, and being introduced, said, 'I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood.' His Lordship instantly recollected the circumstance.—'Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?' 'Yes, my Lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, & I have, therefore, brought the 50 pounds back again.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the venerable Earl, 'this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man.' He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer a check for 100 pounds. 'Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it.' We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.—Eng. paper.

Extract of a letter from Captain Barr, of the Louisiana volunteers, to the editor of the New Orleans Bulletin, dated Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, Feb. 17.

On the morning after our arrival, an Indian prisoner was killed in an attempt to escape; he was taken in a manner which might grace even the romantic days of chivalry. A fine noble looking Indian, asked in marriage the daughter of Black Dirt, a friendly chieftain; the old man declared that none but a warrior need pretend to his daughter, and desiring young Yellow Hair, if he wished to prove himself one, to go into the woods and make prisoners of three hostile Seminoles. Yellow Hair accordingly brought in three of the enemy; whether he surrounded them, (as the Irishman did,) or not, I do not pretend to say, but two of the prisoners are now chained in the fort, and the other was killed in the manner I mentioned. Yellow Hair, of course, married his black haired damsel, and set out on the 13th, at the head of a party of his countrymen, to act as a scout to the main army, who have marched in quest of the enemy.

CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Montreal Constitutional Association, held on Friday, the 8th of April, 1836, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

1. Resolved, That it is expedient, in concurrence with the Quebec Constitutional Association, to call a Convention, or General Meeting of Delegates of the Petitioners, from all parts of the province, with the least possible delay, for the purpose of expressing the sentiments of the loyal and well-disposed, and determining upon the measures to be adopted in the present crisis.

2. Resolved, That it devolves upon this Association to determine the proportion of Delegates which shall be returned by the districts of Montreal and St. Francis, and to regulate the manner in which the elections shall be had.

3. Resolved, That the Delegates be selected by the signers of the petitions already conveyed to his Majesty and the two Houses of Parliament, by the respective Agents of the two Associations of Quebec and Montreal, or who shall have caused their names to be inscribed upon the books of either Association; and by such others as may have heretofore signed, or may hereafter sign the declaration of either Association, or in any other authentic manner have recorded their attachment to the principles thereof.

4. Resolved, That the selection be made at public meetings to be convened on the same day and at the same hour,

throughout the districts of Montreal and St. Francis.

5. Resolved, That in those counties where Constitutional Associations are already organized, the duty of calling such public meetings shall attach to such Associations respectively; and that where no such Associations have been formed, it shall be the business of any five, or more, of the persons alluded to in the third resolution, as entitled to vote in the selection of delegates within each county, to call the said public meetings therein.

6. Resolved, That each meeting, immediately upon assembling, shall call a person to the Chair, to preside and keep order, and shall also appoint a Secretary, and that the selection be determined by show of hands, or a division if called for—and a Certificate, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and given to the person or persons selected, shall be a sufficient credential.

7. Resolved, That the number of Delegates and places of Election be as follows,

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.		
Counties.	Places of Meeting.	Number of Delegates.
Ottawa	Village of Hull	3
Two mountains.	Village of St Andrews	3
	Coteau du Lac and Village of Rigaud, one at each place.	4
Vaudreuil.	St. Therese de Blainville and New Glasgow one at each place.	2
Terrebonne	Church door at Rawdon	1
Lacheynae and L'Assomption.	Village of Berthier	1
Berthier	Sorel.	2
Richelieu, Verchere & Borough of Wm. Henry		2
Rouville	Henryville	2
St. Hyacinthe	St. Cesaire.	2
Shefford.	Frostville.	3
Missisquoi.	Freelighsburg.	4
Chamby.	Dorchester or St. Johns.	2
Laprairie.	Village of Laprairie.	1
Lacadie.	Napierville.	2
Beauharnois.	Huntingdon and Ormstown	4
	two at each place.	4
Montreal Co.	Lachine and St. Laurent, two at each place.	4
City Montreal.	City Montreal.	6
DISTRICT OF ST. FRANCIS.		
Drummond.	Drummondville.	2
Sherbrooke.	Sherbrooke.	3
Stanstead.	Village of Stanstead Plain.	3
		50

8. Resolved, That in any county for which a delegate or delegates has or have been already selected, no new selection shall be required, unless the number so selected shall fall short of the proportion assigned to such county, in which case another public meeting shall be held for the purpose of selecting an additional delegate or delegates.

9. Resolved, That the place of Assembly be Montreal, as agreed to by the committee of the Quebec Association, and that it shall be the business of the committee to secure a suitable place of meeting and to make every necessary arrangement.

10. Resolved, That as soon as this committee are in possession of the views of the committee of the Quebec Constitutional Association, with respect to the time of holding public meetings for the selection of delegates, a day and hour shall be appointed by this committee for the selection of delegates throughout the districts of Montreal and St. Francis, of which notice shall be given in the Constitutional Journals published in this city, in the Missisquoi Standard and in the Farmers' Advocate of Sherbrooke.

11. Resolved, That the powers of the delegates be confined to the objects expressed in the declarations, petitions, and Resolutions of the Associations and Branches heretofore published, and continue during the pendency of the petitions.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Montreal Constitutional Association, held on Friday the 22d day of April, 1836, the following resolutions were adopted:—

1. Resolved, That this committee in concert with the Executive committee of the Constitutional Association of Quebec, are now enabled to fix a time for the election of Delegates of the petitioners from the different counties and cities of the province, and also the period when such delegates shall assemble at Montreal for the purposes declared in the resolutions of the Quebec Association of the 21st January last, and in those of this committee adopted on the 8th instant.

2. Resolved, That the election of delegates in and for the districts of Montreal and St. Francis shall be had simultaneously, on Monday the 30th day of May next, at the hour of one of the clock in the afternoon.

3. Resolved, That the number of delegates and places of election be as declared in the 7th resolution of the committee of the 8th instant.

4. Resolved, That the delegates so selected shall assemble at the city of Montreal, on the 23d day of June next then and there to meet the delegates from the districts of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Gaspé, and to proceed to the duties of their appointment.

6. Resolved, That these resolutions, together with those adopted on the 8th instant be published.

G. MOFFATT, Chairman,
J. GUTHRIE SCOTT, Secretary.

LOWER PROVINCES.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.—St. Johns, (N. B.) April 5th.—In another column will be found the closing scene of the Legislature of Lower Canada. Our readers will glean from thence, the precious dilemma into which the 'conciliatory measures' of Lord

Gosford have brought with him. His Lordship, on his arrival in Canada, was doubtless from the best of feelings determined to go even beyond his instructions in order to meet their views and to allay if possible, the rebel spirit which Papineau and his satellites had so industriously and dangerously disseminated. His opening speech was therefore very acceptable to the Rebels, and any thing but in accordance with the feelings of that portion of the population who claim as their birth place the British Isles. Emboldened by the concession of his Lordship, the Frenchified Assembly, step by step unfolded to his astonished senses their schemes for the erection of a new and improved Constitution. His Lordship now finds that the grievances so loudly complained of do not come within the reach of the Constitution, and that nothing short of a Republican Government with Papineau at its head, will satisfy the loyal Frenchlanders. Such is the state of Lower Canada at this time—the people of which, untaxed and protected as they are by the mother country, at the instigation and for the aggrandizement of Papineau have been roused from ease, happiness, and plenty and taught to believe themselves aggrieved and oppressed by the British nation, until anarchy and its concomitant miseries, stare them in the face and it would not be a matter of great surprise to us if the Plains of Abraham should demand the sacrifice of another Wolfe. Should Mr. Patriot Papineau's policy lead to the above results, we think the trouble and expence of reconquering Lower Canada will justify England in shutting out from office, for ever, the descendants of the conquered. French feeling ever was and we fear ever will be inimical to true liberty; the truth of which can be readily traced in the periodical revolutions of old France. They appear to be a people who require their laws to be dispensed at the point of the bayonet. Lord Gosford must feel humbled in his own eyes, when he reflects that a British Peer, has crouched before a scheming faction, composed of men many of whom have not received the advantages of even a parish school, while the talented and truly loyal portion of the country are thrown out, and neglected.—(The British Colonist.)

[Sir F. B. Head's reply to the grand Jurors of the Home (U. C.) District.]

'Gentlemen,—If the important object I have in view were to obtain applause nothing would be more gratifying to my feelings than the approbation of so well-educated a body of gentlemen as the Grand Jury of the Home District; but without offence, I must declare that the strict performance of my duty requires that I should neither be stimulated by popularity nor deterred by clamour. In maintaining the liberties of the inhabitants of this Province, but little has been left by our Sovereign either to my judgment or discretion; and if it be true 'that the recent expressions of confidence in my administration which you have heard, and in which you cordially concur, lead you to hope that the people will not long remain blinded to their own interest,' this happy effect has proceeded from no exertions of mine, but simply from my having repelled our enemies by pointing to the Constitutional Act of this Province.

'If that noble Charter had not existed, there can be no doubt but that the representative of his Majesty would have been overcome, and that the inhabitants of Upper Canada would now be under the ignominious tyranny of a secret metropolitan 'Cabinet'; but your Constitution has been proved to be impregnable, & at this moment no people bewail the fact more keenly than those who have lately been nearly crushed in their endeavours to undermine it.'

For the Missisquoi Standard.

MR. EDITOR, SIR:—When it is the facetious pleasure of our trusty and well beloved cousin of the Ridge to be enigmatical, he should condescend to remember that we live to the north of 45°, & that we are neither so much given to guessing, nor so apt to guess right when we sometimes try, as our friends on the more favoured side of that invisible boundary, who live nearer the sun, and whose bumps of prying-out-iveness are doubtless much developed by the more downright action of his rays. Our cousin will be much flattered to hear that we perused again and again his late ingenious and instructive communication, and that on each successive reading we became more and more persuaded of its profundity, until, at last, we settled down in the conviction that the whole concern had been chosen by a majority of the electors of our cousin's brain, as the worthy representative of 'darkness visible.' With that close attention which the importance of the subject required, we pondered over the 'steam,' the 'small craft,' the unhappy stage-horses that are in danger of being driven from the 'delightful task' of scampering with a well filled coach at their heels, and a heavy whip over their rumps, from the roads; seriously did we incline to the consideration of 'spinning,' and spinning jennies, 'weaving' and weavers, 'steam pressmen,' 'tapers' and 'grey goose quills,' and lastly and chiefly did we puzzle over the 'distinguished personage' whose audacity amounted to the tucculent intention of 'oversetting your week's labour in less than no time,' but all in vain! We looked at the initial letters of the distinguished personage's verbs and nouns, we transposed them first one way and then another, until they began to save us the trouble, and to trip off a literary reel, upon the paper; instinctively did we apply the sinister five of our ten fingers to our cranium, in the hope of coaxing forth an idea, but we unfortunately mistook the bump of irritability for that of inventiveness, became cross as two sticks, wish-

ed the 'conjuncting Dutchman in — Holland and that 'are bag' upon his back; in short, we could make nothing of it. At last when, out of all patience, we were about to give utterance to the horrid exclamation—'I say, burn that Wag,' in cruel obliviousness that he is our cousin, a thought struck us that we had taken a far about road to get soon home, and that the 'distinguished bag burning personage' is none other than our esteemed and reputable neighbour, the principal partner in the very respectable and thriving firm of FLINGDINT BESMUTEM & Co.

ARE WE RIGHT?

For the Missiskoui Standard.

Hall of Momus, April 22d, 1836.
Mr. Editor,—Men say that you are witty, wise and learned, that you have studied Mathematics at Aberdeen, and passed over the very 'pons Asinorum,' which I take it means the bridge at—, nay; so highly are you lauded, even by your foes, that it is not unfrequently asserted you can draw a very decent conclusion from premises not peculiarly visible to ordinary optics.—Now Sir, to show you that, though you are a 'smart man,' you cannot do every thing, and that there are 'other things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by even your philosophy,' it is my wish to state a question which I am pretty sure you could not speedily answer without my help.

QUESTION.

Why does a Radical, generally in controversy, ruthlessly trample upon all the established courtesies of life, descend from aught like argument to vulgar vituperation and low blackguardism, and delight to represent his opponent as governed by the base motives of selfishness, and as destitute of all honourable principle?

Nomen in quo quide t—The name in which he delights affords a very tolerable Answer.
R a d i c a l
Rebels always decry integrity, candour, & loyalty
Quiz.

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

Mr. Editor.—Is there a 'Society for the Detection of Horse Thieves' in existence?

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

St. Armand, May 1, 1836.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, MAY 3, 1836.

The course of Sir Francis Bond Head, in Upper Canada, has been noble. He was commanded by our revered Monarch to meet every proved abuse, with a full measure of reform. That command, like a loyal subject, and an honest man, he has laboured to obey. But obstructions have been thrown in his way, so successfully, that he has hitherto been thwarted in his attempts. It is supererogatory, in our readers to inquire by whom these obstacles have been presented. There is but one party in that province, (nearly akin to the French faction in the Lower,) to whom the retention of abuses is of value; and that party is the Radical. Men who live by agitation, of whom there are a multitude in the Canadas, will not willingly give up their stock in trade, as long as it is possible to retain it by any means. The real grievances, under which the provinces labour, it is for the interest of the British Government effectually to redress; but the redressing of them deprives the grievance-mongers of their bread, and these now madly endeavor to keep off the day of reform. Their insanity has urged them so far, as to adopt the extreme measure of stopping the supplies. The Government of the Upper Province is now checked, and the improvement of the country by means of roads, &c. stopped; and all because Sir Francis has declared his determination to obey his Sovereign's commands by reforming abuses. Such is Canadian Radicalism. It is followed merely for the gain, which the trade of hatching grievances brings into the pockets of its professors, and it violently opposes all the efforts of Government to relieve the people from the abuses of which they have complained.

The session of the U. C. Legislature is now closed. The masterly speech of the Lt. Gov. we shall give next week.

We solicit attention to the resolutions, lately passed by the Montreal Association. The day of election of delegates to the constitutional convention is the 30th of May. Delegates meet, at Montreal, on 23d June.

People cannot be too scrupulous as to the Bank bills offered them. Another flash bank, L'Ami du peuple informs us, has been got up at Boncherville; the principal officers are a Notary, and two tavern keepers. It is also rumoured that a similar bank is to be opened at St. Hyacinthe. We warn farmers to look well to what bills they receive, for their property. The only legal Banks in this District are the Montreal Bank, and City Bank,—these therefore are the only ones, whose bills a prudent man would accept.

The B. A. L. Company have removed their office to Sherbrooke; at which village

too, it is said the City Bank of Montreal are to establish a Branch.

Mr. S. P. Lalanne will be glad to receive subscriptions, for the Canada Temperance Advocate, from those favourable to the circulation of that paper in the province.

We have heard a rumour that a boy, apparently about 12 years old, was found under the ice, at the mouth of South river, which falls into the Richelieu, nearly opposite to Isle aux Noix, with a stone tied round his neck.

The weather is now warm. The snow has entirely disappeared, except from the woods on the hills. Cattle are able with a little feeding in the yard, to find their support in the pastures. Never was a spring more ardently wished for, by farmers, than the present; and seldom are farmers blessed with more favorable weather, than what we now enjoy. May all be grateful to Him, from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift.

The Canadian says, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer is to be held, in the course of the month of May, at Sherbrooke; to hear the accusations brought by the Crown against the Hon. Mr. Felton, for his conduct in the concession of public lands under his management, arising out of a Report of a Committee of the Assembly in the last Session. A practised Stenographer has been engaged to report the proceedings, and Mr. Gury will be present to support the interests of individuals who have complaints against Mr. Felton. Before this Court will also be tried the individuals concerned in the affair of Indian Stream. A question as to the Boundary will arise out of these trials. Both these matters are of the highest importance to the Eastern Townships, and will not fail to excite the most lively interest.

London Correspondence of the Montreal Herald.

LONDON, March 1, 1836.

We are looking with much anxiety towards the progress of affairs in Canada. The arrivals by the George Washington afforded us but little additional information. Tell your readers, that the general opinion here is, that Lord Gosford's governorship and the commissioners have proved a complete failure; it is even said, that the ministers have seen through his and their blunder, and that he will be recalled. It must, however, be remembered, that the Colonial Office has long been a slow coach, and that under the tooling of the snail-like Lord Glenelg, it is likely to come to a stand still. The merchants engaged in the lumber trade are about attempting to get a committee on the timber duties in the House of Lords, as there is no doubt but that Poulett Thompson will do all he can to forward his measure to equalize the timber duties this session; to commence operation in July, 1836.—We believe that in the course of another letter, we shall be authorized to state that a Bank, to be solely applied to the benefit of the Canadas and the North American Colonies, will be shortly established by not only the most influential parties, but by those who really understand the nature of banking and the wants of the Colonies. Should this be finally decided upon, we shall have the pleasure to congratulate our Canadian brethren, whose prosperity is not only our theme, but the hearty wish of all who love old England and her dependencies.

Burning of a theatre.—One hundred and twenty six lives lost.—A dreadful catastrophe occurred at Labaman's theatre booth, in St. Petersburg, on Sunday, the 14th of February. A beam took fire from a lamp during the performance, when the building was soon enveloped in flames. The greater part of the audience in the boxes effected their escape without injury, but those in the pit crowded into a narrow passage, which was soon blocked up, when the roof fell, and covered them with fire brands; of above four hundred persons in the booth one hundred and twenty-one males and five females perished, and about ten more were severely injured. The emperor himself assisted at the fire.

Another life has been sacrificed in London, to the inestimable virtues of Morrison's Hygeian pills. The victim was Captain Fitzmaurice, of the royal navy. He had taken considerable quantities of the pills, under the advice of the agent from whom he bought them, and the physicians and surgeons who made the post mortem examination, testified that the pills had evidently caused his death.—Eng. Paper.

Fatal conceit.—A case is recorded of a person of the name of Vincentinus, who believed that he was of such enormous size that he could not go through the door of his apartment. His Physician gave orders that he should be forcibly led through it; which was done accordingly, but not without a fatal effect, for Vincentinus cried out, as he was forced along, that the flesh was torn from his bones, and that his limbs were broken off; of which terrible impression he died in a few days, accusing those who conducted him of being his murderers.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Every housewife knows how to make

herb tea. The herbs are put into a cup or dish, hot water turned upon them and they are suffered to steep—why not boil? Because a large portion of their medicinal virtues, and particularly the principle of flavour, the most volatile property they contain, is dissipated by boiling, and the virtues of the tea lost. In the process of boiling and fermentation, the natural flavor and aroma of the choicest vegetables are dissipated and changed. Yet though every woman knows how to make green or black tea, or coffee; or knowing, do not reduce their knowledge to practice. A mistaken economy, to get all the strength induce them generally to boil the latter well, and often the former: and the consequence is, that instead of a grateful, refreshing beverage, they give us a dull, acrid, or insipid substitute retaining nothing pleasant but the color and heat. The aroma, which gives the liquor its value, and which should be recognised by the nose as well as the palate, is gone—with the steam, and with it much of the flavor. They not only boil the strength but they waste it. Now without intending to infringe upon the prerogative of the good wife, we do advise, that she will make her green and black, as she does her herb tea, without boiling; and that she will only leach her coffee, by putting it, when recently burnt, and fresh ground, into a strainer, fitted to the top of her coffee pot and turning upon it as much boiling water as would suffice in the old mode. We can assure our fair readers from reason as well as experience that this is the best way, not only to gratify the taste, but to promote economy—Less tea and coffee are required in the steeping and leaching, than in the boiling process, and the beverage obtained by the mode recommended is more tonic, exhilarating and pleasant.—Cultivator.

The Bishop of Quebec has received the following collections made by the Clergy of the Diocese, in aid of the sufferers by the late fire at New York.

Place.	Name.	Amount.
Que.	Cath'l. Bishop of Que.	\$49 12 0
	Trin. Chap., Rev. E. W. Sewell, 11	12 00
	Mariner's do. J. Brown,	3 00
	St. Peter's do. W. Anderson,	5 00
Leeds,	J. L. Alexander,	0 19 4
Thos. Rivers, S. S. Wood, A. M.		7 15 3
Drummondville, G. M. Ross,		1 50
Nicolet, H. Burges,		2 11 3
Montreal, J. Bethune,		41 40
Laprairie, A. F. Atkinson,		3 31
Lachine, T. B. Fuller,		3 12 9
William Henry, J. Jackson,		2 10 5
Abbotsford, T. Johnson,		4 00
Chambly, J. Braithwaite, A. B.		8 15 0
St. John's, W. D. Baldwin, A. M.		4 35
Calderwell & Christie Manors, M. Towns-		6 00
hend,		13 00
Phillipsburg, R. Whitwell,		7 00
Frelighsburg, J. Reid,		2 11 6
Dunham, C. C. Cotton, A. B.		4 13 0
Bedford, D. Robertson,		5 10 0
St. Andrews, W. Abbott,		1 12 6
Grenville, Joseph Abbott, A. M.		3 63
Compton,	C. Jackson,	1 42 6
Melbourne,		4 15 0
Darham,	C. B. Fleming,	1 50
Bay Chaleur, A. Balfour,		6 15 0
UPPER CANADA.		
Toronto, Dr. Strachan,		66 37
St. John's Church, Yonge Street, Rev. C.		3 187
Mathews,		7 68
Thornhill, G. Mortimer, A. M.		3 17 6
Toronto Church,	J. Magrath,	4 44
Gore of Toronto,		5 14 0
Streetsville,	J. G. Geddes,	2 17
Hamilton, J. Miller, A. M.		4 46
Ancestor, J. G. Geddes,		7 13
Wellington Square, Gore Dist., F. Mack,		2 67
Brantford, R. Luggier,		8 10 0
Niagara, T. Green,		4 10 0
Grimshy, G. Groat,		3 00
Chippawa, W. Leeming,		2 17
St. Catharines, J. Clarke, A. M.		4 15 0
Dunnville,		1 43 3
St. Thomas, M. Burnham, A. M.		6 50
Woodhouse, F. Evans,		2 50
Amherstburg, R. Rolph,		4 00
Sandwich, W. Johnson,		2 01
Port Hope, A. Cogan, A. B.		2 10 8
Cavan, S. Armour,		1 19 0
Adolphustown,	J. Deacon,	6 17 8
Marysburg, Fredericksburg,		46 00
Belleville, John Cochran, A. B.		12 00
Brookville, E. Denroche, A. B.		14 05
Carrying Place, Murray, J. Grier,		6 10 0
March, J. Padfield,		4 50
Prescott, Robert, Blakey,		2 15 0
Kemptville, H. Patton,		12 60
Williamsburg, J. B. Lindsay,		2 98
Matilda,		488 12 8
Cornwall,	G. Archibald,	
Osnabruck,		

Signed, C. J. QUEBEC.

A collection in the Township of to the amount of £70 currency, was made by the Rev. A. N. Bethune, of Cobourg, and remitted to New York.

Editors of Newspapers throughout the Diocese are requested to give insertion to the foregoing list.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
ASHES, Pots per cwt.	35	0	35	3
Pearls	44	0	00	0
Montreal Brands.				
Flour Superfine Canada	00	0	32	6
Fine	30	0	31	3
Middling	27	6	28	9
Pollards	none			
Superfine, U. S.	30	0	31	3
Red, L. C. Wh. per minot	5	0	5	6
Buck Wheat,	3	0	0	0
Salt, Liverpool, per min.	1	0	1	9
Pork, Mess. per bbl.	115	6	120	0
"P. Mess.	0	0	90	0
"Prime	00	0	80	0
"Cargo	55	0	60	0

LIST OF LETTERS.

For St. Armand.

Cornelius Davis, 2 Joseph Kenville, 2
Samuel C. Deming, Lot Woodbury,
Abel Adams, George W. Ayer.

Sutton.

Zebulon Ayer, Mary Jessey,
Fairfield, Vt.

Joab Smith,

Births.

In the village of Frelighsburg, on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Warren Morrill, of a Daughter.
At St. Armand, on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. James Ayer, jr. of a Son.

Married.

At Richford, on the 28 ult. by the Rev. J. Powell, Mr. Richard Shepherd to Miss Dilany Bresee.
Also, on the 28 ult. Mr. Samuel Bounty to Miss E. Shepherd, all of Sutton.

Died.

At Stanbridge Village, on the 26th ultimo. R. Maykes, aged 58.

WAGGON.

THE Subscriber, intending to leave this place, and remove to the West, would be glad to sell, during the present week, a new double

BREED MARE, and a very good COLT,

a good good
BREED MARE, and a very good good
COLT,
from the same Mare, besides various articles of other property. A liberal credit will be given on responsible paper.
JAMES I. VINCENT.
St. Armand, May 2, 1836.

CASH paid for

Veal Skins

AN APPRENTICE wanted.

PLINY WOODBURY.

St. Armand, April 21st, 1836. V2.3 tf.

THE Subscriber will pay Cash for

Veal Calf Skins.

H. M. CHANDLER.

Frelighsburg, 17th April, 1836. V2—2tf.

THE subscriber will pay CASH for PORK BUTTER, WHEAT and OATS.

H. M. CHANDLER.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—
The public are respectfully informed that 70 BOYS and 30 GIRLS, from the above Society, are expected to arrive in Montreal by the 15th May next. These children have been trained in the Society's Asylums at home, to habits of industry, and instructed in moral and religious duties. The Girls will be apprenticed as Domestic Servants to Families, and the Boys to Mechanics, Farmers, &c. Persons desirous of having these children are required to apply to the Subscriber; letters to be free of charge.
JOHN ORROK,
Secretary for the Canadas.
April 6.

For Sale,

MY FARM, lying on the road between Henryville & Missiskoui Bay; consisting of 180 acres of land, upon which are
A House, Barn & Shop.
AMOS STOW.
28th March, 1836. 5tf.

CARDING MACHINES.
A SET complete, with PICKER, for sale. Enquire at the Hardware Store of Messrs. Frothingham & Marshall,
Montreal.
N. B. The above are made of best materials and by a first rate manufacturer, and will be sold very low.
Montreal, Feb. 26, 1836. 48—tf.

For Sale,

OR
To Let,

THE premises owned and formerly occupied by the subscriber in the Village of Frelighsburg, consisting of a good two story dwelling house, garden, and a commodious horse barn. For terms enquire of Dr. J. Chamberlin, Frelighsburg or of the Subscriber in Sutton.
HENRY BRIGHT.
Frelighsburg, March 1 1836. 47—tf.

Caution!!

The undersigned hereby cautions all persons from purchasing from James Gillen, of Brome, a Note of Hand, purporting to have been signed by the late Doctor George W. Jackson, in favor of Elijah Rice, for the sum of sixty Dollars, and dated the 6th September, 1832.

This is given to prevent the public from being imposed on, as said Note was purchased for an Old Watch and a few dollars; it being known that the demand was a fraudulent one, and ought not to be paid.

HELEN P. JACKSON.
Brome, 2d April, 1836.—1—tf

BOOKS AND BOOK BINDING!

THE subscriber has just received and now offers for sale, a general assortment of SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., which he will sell cheaper for cash than can be bought at any other establishment in this vicinity. Ruling and Book-Binding in all its branches, executed with neatness and on reasonable terms.
JAMES RUSSELL.
St. Albans, Oct. 27, 1835. 13—1y.

NEW STORE.

'SPLENDID GOODS AND CHEAP.

The Subscriber begs leave most respectfully to inform the Public that he is now opening and offering for sale, at Bedford, a large and fashionable assortment of Fall and Winter GOODS, well adapted to the season—

Groceries consisting of

Young Hyson, Imperial & Hyson Skin Teas of an excellent quality, and very low;
Tobacco, Molasses, Sugar, Spices, &c. &c.;
Salmon, Mackerel, Herring, and Codfish;
Soap, Candles, and Lamp Oil, &c. &c.;
Crockery, Cutlery, and Hard Ware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Shovels, and Spades; Cross Cut and Mill Saws, &c. &c.

And a variety of other articles too numerous to mention; all of which will be sold at REDUCED prices, for cash, or a short approved Credit.

All kinds of PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for Goods. Cash and the highest price will be paid for Butter, Rye, Corn, Oats, Ashes, Lumber, Fur, and Store Hogs, if the latter are delivered in the course of the present month.

PHILIP H. MOORE.
Bedford, Nov. 24, 1835. 33—tf.

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.
A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Missiskoui Bay, Beardsly and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

Star Tavern,



New Market, Montreal.

William Brown,

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully intimate to his former customers, friends, and the public in general, that he has leased and will occupy, on the 1st of May next, the house at present occupied by Mr. John Murphy, one door below his present Stand, having more extensive and better accommodations than heretofore, together with an addition of yard and stabling.
The Stand being very near the Courts of Justice, and proximate to the market offers great inducement to the man of business or pleasure, & he hopes by unwearied attention to his customers to merit a continuance of their favors.
January 27, 1836. 46—12w.

FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt. 17—12w.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.
A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.
BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt. }
January 12 1836. }



PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that a WHARF has been completed by the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and despatch. The Agent of the COMPANY will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company.
Montreal, August 1, 1835. 19—tf

BRIDGE

OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract or building a BRIDGE over the River Saint Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sums for which they will complete the same, both with and without warranty for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c. may be obtained by application at this Office.

Office of the B. A. L. Co. }
Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. } 18—tf.

POETRY.

EDUCATION.

A child is born—now take the germ, and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it.
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it.
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

OLD MAGAZINE.

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth which
flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place bath to give,
These with their donor changing die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom,
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue & bloom—
Need I the secret of my soul impart?
Be witness ye that love—his woman's heart:
MONODUS SONNETS.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL;

OR,

THE KING MAY COME IN THE CAD- GER'S WAY.

Early in July, in the year of grace 1803, Lamberton Moor presented a proud and right noble spectacle. Upon it was outspread a city of pavilions, some of them covered with cloth of the gorgeous purple and glowing crimson, and decorated with ornaments of gold and silver. To and fro, upon brave steeds richly caparisoned, rode a hundred lords and their followers, with many a score of gay and gallant knights and their attendant gentlemen. Fair ladies, too, the loveliest and the noblest in the land, were there. The sounds of music from many instruments rolled over the heath. The lance gleamed and the claymore flashed, and war-steeds neighed, as the notes of the bugle rang loud for the tournament. It seemed as if the genius of chivalry had fixed its court upon the heath.

It may be meet, however, that we say a word or two concerning Lamberton, for though now-a-days it may lack the notoriety of Gretna in the annals of matrimony, and though its 'run of business' may be of a humbler character, there was a time when it could boast of prouder visitors than ever graced the Gretna blacksmith's temple. To the reader, therefore, who is unacquainted with our eastern Borders, it may be necessary to say, that at the northern boundary of the lands appertaining to the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and about three miles, a furlong, and a few odd yards from that oft recorded good town, a dry-stone wall, some thirty inches in height, runs from the lofty and perpendicular sea-banks over a portion of what may be termed the fag-end of Lammern Moor, and now forming a separation between the laws of Scotland and the jurisdiction of the said good town; and on crossing to the northern side of this humble but important stone wall, you stand on the lands of Lamberton. Rather more than a stone-throw from the sea, the great north road between London and Edinburgh forms a gap in the wall aforesaid, or rather 'dyke,' and there, on either side of the road, stands a low house, in which Hymen's high priests are ever ready to make one flesh of their worshippers. About a quarter of a mile north of these, may still be traced something of the ruins of the kirk, where the princess of England became the bride of the Scottish king, and the first link of the golden chain of Union, which eventually clasped the two nations in one, may be said to have been formed.

The gay and gallant company were assembled on Lamberton, for within the walls of its kirk, the young, ardent, and chivalrous James IV. of Scotland was to receive the hand of his fair bride Margaret of England, whom Dunbar describes as a

'Fresche rose, of collor reid and white.'

The wild heath presented all the splendour of a court and the amusement of a crowded city. Upon it were thousands of spectators, who had come to witness the royal exhibitions, and the first durable bond of amity between two rival nations. Some crowded to behold the tourneyings of the knights with sword, spear, and battle-axe; others to witness the representation of plays, written 'expressly for the occasion'; while a third party were delighted with the grotesque figures and positions of the morris dancers; and a fourth joined in, or were spectators of the humbler athletic exercise of wrestling, leaping, putting the stone, and throwing the hammer.

All, too, were anxious to see the young king, whose courage and generosity were the theme of minstrels, and of whom one sayeth—

'And ye Christian princes, whosoever ye be,
If ye be destitute of a noble captaincy,
Take James of Scotland for his audacity
And proved manhood, if ye will laud at-
tayne.'

But the young Monarch was as remarkable for his gallantry and eccentricity as for his generosity and courage, and no one seemed able to tell whether or not he lodged in the magnificent pavilion over which the royal standard of Scotland waved, or whether he intended to welcome his royal bride by proxy.

But our story requires that for a time we leave princes, knights and tournaments, and

notice humbler personages and more homely amusements. At a distance from the pavilion, the tourneyings, the music the plays and other exhibitions, was a crowd composed of some seven or eight hundred peasantry, engaged in and witnessing the athletic games of the Borders. Near these were a number of humbler booths, in which the spectators and competitors might regale themselves with the spirits and tippenny then in use.

Amongst the competitors was one called Meikle Robin, or Robin Meikle. He was strength personified. His stature exceeded six feet; his shoulders were broad, his chest round, his limbs well and strongly put together. He was a man of prodigious bone and sinews. At throwing the hammer, at putting the stone, no man could stand before him. He distanced all who came against him, and while he did so, he seemed to put forth not half his strength, while his skill appeared equal to the power of his arm.

Now amongst the spectators of the sports there stood one who was known for many miles around by the appellation of *Strong Andrew*. He was not so tall by three inches as the conqueror of the day, nor could he measure with him either across the shoulders or around the chest; and in fact, he was rather a thin man than otherwise, nor did he appear a powerful one,—but his bones were well set. His sinews were all strength...they were not encumbered with flesh. He was as much a model of activity and suppleness, as Meikle Robin was of bodily power. Now Andrew was a native of Eyemouth,—he was about three and thirty years of age, and he united in his person the callings of a fisherman and cadger; or, in other words, Andrew being without mother, sister, wife or servant, sold himself the fish which he had caught. His domestic establishment consisted of a very large and a very wise water-dog, and a small pony, and with the last mentioned animal he carried his fish around the country. For several days, and on the day in question, he had brought his store for sale to the camps or pavilions at Lamberton, where he had found a ready and an excellent market. Now as Andrew stood and witnessed the championship of Meikle Robin, his blood boiled within him, and 'O' thought he, 'but if I had only a body that I could trust to take care of the gallo-way and my jacket, and the siller, but I would take the conceit out of ye, big as ye are.'

Andrew possessed his country's courage and its caution in equal proportions, and like a wise man he did not choose to trust his money by risking it to strangers. In such a motley company it would not be safe to do so now-a-days, but it would have been much less so then. For at that time, and especially on the Borders, the law of *mine and thine* was most imperfectly understood. But Andrew's determination to humble the champion was well nigh overcoming his caution, when the former again stepped into the ring, and cast off his jacket for a wrestling bout. He stood looking around him for a minute, and it was evident that every one was afraid to enter the list against him. Andrew could endure it no longer, and he was saying—'Will any person take charge of my gallo-way?'

When a young man of middle stature, and whose dress bespoke him to be a domestic one of the noblemen who had come to witness the royal festival, and grace it with their presence, entered the lists. Without even throwing off his bonnet, he stretched out his arms to encounter the champion, who met him somewhat after the fashion that Goliath met David with contempt. But the first grasp of the stranger as he seized his arms above the elbows, instead of throwing them round his waist, (as was and is the unscientific practice of the Borders,) informed Robin that he had no common customer to deal with. Robin, as a wrestler, in a great measure trusted to mere strength, and tripping. He knew nothing of turning an antagonist from his centre of gravity by a well-timed and well-directed touch. He therefore threw his arms around the back of his opponent, (so far as the grasp which the other had got of them would permit,) with the intention of giving him a 'Hawick hug,' but he found he could not join his hands together so as to effect his purpose, and his strength could not accomplish it. Ignorant of his antagonist's mode of attack, he had allowed him an advantage over him, and when he endeavored to gain it by tripping his heels, the other suddenly changing his feet, favored Robin with a 'Devonian kick,' and suddenly dashing his bended knee against his person, Robin lost his footing and fell upon his back with the stranger above him.

The spectators shouted, and Andrew mounting his pony, exclaimed aloud—'Weel done stranger, I'm as glad as glad though I had gotten a golden coin.'

Now it is but justice to Andrew to say, that he had repeatedly defeated Meikle Robin both at wrestling, cudgel-playing, and every athletic exercise; but I shall give the reader an account of his having done so upon one occasion in his own words, as it is necessary for the forwarding of our narrative.

Andrew went to Lamberton with his fish on the following day, and again he found a profitable market, and some words had again passed between him and Meikle Robin, but as he was returning home, he overtook the stranger by whom Robin had been defeated.

'Losh man!' said Andrew, pulling up his pony, 'is this you? I canna tell ye

how glad I am to see ye, for I've done naething but thought of ye ever since yesterday, when I saw ye take the brag out of Meikle Robin just as easily as I would bend a willy-wand. Now, I hope Sir, although ye are a stranger, ye no think ill of my familiarity?'

'Think ill comrade,' said the other, 'why should I do so?'

'Why I watna,' said Andrew, 'but there seems to be sae many kind of but-terflies getting about the court now wi' their frills and their gold-laced jackets, from what I can judge of their appearance for some days past on the Moor, that I wasna sure but it might be like master like man wi' ye, and I was uncertain how to speak to ye. I didna ken but that in some things ye might imitate your superiors, and treat a cadgerbody as though they hadna been of the same flesh and blood wi' yourself.'

The stranger laughed, and repeated the adage—'Why—the king may come in the cadger's way.'

'Very true Sir,' said Andrew, 'and may find him a man more like himself than he imagines. But Sir, what I was gaun to say to you,—and it is connected wi' your defeating of Meikle Robin yesterday. (At least I wish to make it connected wi' it.) Well, just five days syne, I was at Lamberton,—it was the very day after the royal party arrived,—and Robin was there. Perhaps you was there yourself, but the tents were there, and the games, and the shows, and every thing were going on just the same as ye saw them yesterday. But as I was telling ye, Meikle Robin was there. Now, he gets the brag of being the best cudgel-player, putter and wrestler, in all Berwickshire...and between you and I, that is a character that I dinna like to hear gaun past myself. However, as I was saying, on the day after the royal party had come to the Moor, and the games were begun, he had the ball fairly at his foot, and flent a one durst take him up ava. He was terribly insulting in the pride of his victoriousness, and in order to humble him, some were running frae tent to tent to look for strong Andrew (that is me ye observe, for they ca' me that as a sort of nickname,—though for what reason I know not.) At last they got me. I had a quough or twa, and I was gie weel on... (for I never in my born days had had such a market for my fish; indeed I got whatever I asked, and I was wishing in my heart that the king's marriage party would stop on Lamberton Moor for a twelvemonth)—but though I had a drappie ower the score, Robin was as sober as a judge; for, plague take him! he kenned what he was doing—he was ower cunning to drink and laid himself out for a quarrel—it was his aim to carry the 'gree' ower a upon the Moor at every thing, that the king, who is said to be as fond of thae sort of sports as any body, might tak notice of him, and do something for him. There was a cowardliness in the very idea of such conduct—it showed a fox's heart in the carcass of a bullock. Weel, those that were seeking me got me, and clean off hand I away to the tent where he was making a' his great braggadocio, and says I to him, 'Robin,' says I, 'I'm your man at any thing ye like, and for whatever ye like. I'll run ye,—or I'll jump ye...I'll put the stone wi' ye,—or I'll fight ye,—and if ye like it better, I'll wrestle ye, or try ye at the cudgels,—and dinna be cutting your capers there ower a when callants. Weel, up he got, and a ring was made aback of the tent. He had an oak stick as thick as your wrist, and I had naething but the bit half switch that I hae in my hand the now, for driving up the gallo-way. Mine was a mere bog-reed to his, independent of its being fully six inches shorter,—and if ye ken any thing about cudgelling, that was a material point. 'Od Sir, I found I couldna cope wi' him. My stick, or rather switch, was nae better than half a dozen of rushes plaited together. 'Will any of ye lend me a stick, gentlemen?' cried I to the by-standers, while I keptit guarding him off the best way I could. Aboon a dozen were offered in an instant. I gript at the nearest. Now, 'Heaven have mercy on ye!' said I, and gied him a whistle beneath the elbow, and before ye could say Jock Robinson! came clink across his knee. I declare to you Sir, he came spinning down like a totum. He talked nae mair of wrestling, or cudgelling, or any thing else that day. I settled him for four and twenty hours at any rate. Weel Sir, I was perfectly delighted when I saw you lay him on the broad of his back yesterday, and I saw nae mair of him to speak to, frae the day that I lumbled him, until about four hours syne, when I met in wi' him on the Moor, among three or four of his cronies, at his auld trade of boasting again. I had nae patience wi' him. But he had a drop ower Meikle, and at any rate I thought there could be nae honor in beating the same man twice. But, says I to him, 'ye needna craw sae loud, for independent of me bringing ye to the ground at cudgelling, and making ye no worth a doot, I saw a youngster that wrestled wi' ye yesterday twist ye like a barleystrae.' And to do him justice Sir, he didnae attempt to deny it, but said that ye would do the same by me if I would try ye, and offered to back ye against any man in the two kingdoms.

'Now Sir, I looked about all day in the crowd, just to see if I could clap my eye on you, and to ask you, in a friendly way, if ye would let me try what sort o' stuff ye are made of, but I couldna fall in wi' ye; and now I'm really glad that I have met wi' ye,—and as this is a gie level place here, and the ground is not very hard,

what do ye say if we try a thraw in a neighbourly way; and after that we can cut a bit branch frae one of the allers for a cudgelling bout. Ye will really very particularly oblige me Sir, if ye will.'

The stranger readily replied, 'With all my heart friend,—be it so.'

Andrew cast off his jacket and bonnet, and throwing them on the ground, his large water-dog, which was called *Cæsar*, placed itself beside them.

'Dinna thraw till I get a grip,' cried Andrew, as the stranger had him already lifted from his feet,—that's no fair,—it's no our country's way of thrawing.'

The request was granted, and only granted, when Andrew measured his length upon the ground, and his dog sprang forward to attack the victor.

'Get back *Cæsar*!' shouted its master—'It was a fair fa', I canna deny it! Sorrow take me if I thought there was a man in ten parishes could hae done the like! Gies your hand,' said he, as he rose to his feet, 'I'll thraw nor cudgel nae mair wi' you, but as sure as my name's Andrew, I would bite my last coin through the middle to gie ye the half o't, should ye want it. I like to meet wi' a good man, even though he should be better than myself, and in the particular of wrestling I allow that ye do bang me, though I dinna say how ye might stand in other respects...for they've no been tried. But it was a fair fa'. 'Od ye gied me a jirk as though I had been kissed by a lightning.'

(To be continued.)

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

Communications must be addressed to JAMES MOIR FERRIS, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

STANDARD AGENTS.

Messrs. J. & T. A. Starke, Montreal, W. Brent, Quebec.
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freleigh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchillville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wiley, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the *Mississquoi Standard*, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Freleighsburg, all payments must be made.

TO THE AFFLICTED

DR. M. HATCH'S VEGETABLE PILLS CATHOLICON
the only
SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY
FOR THE

PILES

This medicine has stood the test of 20 years' experience in extensive private practice, and has stood without a rival since its introduction to the public for positively curing this troublesome complaint. Price, 5 shillings.

EWEN'S ANTIBILIOUS AND CATHARTIC

PILLS:

An easy and safe family medicine for all bilious complaints; jaundice, flatulence, indigestion, fever and ague, costiveness, headache, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, or any disease arising from a deranged state of the stomach and bowels. Price, whole boxes 2s and 6d, half boxes 1s and 3d.

DR. ASA HOLDRIDGE'S

GREEN PLASTER:

For dressing and curing immediately all kinds of fresh cuts and wounds; which from its strong adhesive qualities supersedes all other kinds of dressings; and if the directions are strictly adhered to, will in no instance require a renewal. It is also advantageously used in cleansing and healing all old sores and foul ulcers. Price, 1s and 3d.

DR. WARNER'S

INFALLIBLE ITCH OINTMENT.
Warranted to contain not a particle of mercury or other deleterious drug; and if seasonably applied will require one application only!! Price 1s and 3d.

All the above are supported by abundant and respectable testimony, as may be seen by applying to the following agents, where the medicines may be purchased—

Happold, Clarencville; Beardsley & Goodnow, Henrysville; W. W. Smith, Philipsburg; Dr. Oliver Newell, and Levi Stevens, Dunham; Cook & Foss, Brome; Hedge & Lyman, and George Bent, Montreal; Joseph E. Barrett, post-ride, Freleighsburg, and many other Druggists and Dealers throughout the Province. Also at the Druggist Store in Freleighsburg.

OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage he has already received and begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the business of

CABINETWORK,

CHAIR-MAKING AND PAINTING, in all its various branches; being supplied with a full assortment of materials necessary for conducting the establishment, and having in all the above branches experienced workmen employed, who he unhesitatingly asserts, are equal if not superior to any in the Province.

The subscriber further intimates that he has on hand a general assortment of finished articles in his line of business, which he would exchange for

LUMBER

or any kind of Country Produce. He has considerably reduced his former prices and intends making a still greater reduction, and hopes by strict attention, neatness and durability of workmanship, to merit a continuance of the patronage and support of a discerning public.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed for Cash.

DAN B. GILBERT.

Philipsburg, June 2, 1835.

PROSPECTUS

of the

Emigrant & Old Countryman.

This Journal is devoted to the Domestic and Local intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, and WALES.

The origin and the history of the *Emigrant* and of the *Old Countryman* are known to all our readers. The two papers were by mutual agreement of the respective Proprietors united on the 7th of October last, and merged in one journal under the above title. The success so far has been highly flattering, and satisfies all the favourable expectations that were formed. At the period of the junction a great improvement was made, both in matter and manner of getting up, which the Proprietor has every reason to believe has met with the greatest approbation. The editorial management was assigned to A. D. Paterson, Esq., a native of the Old Country, and a gentleman of classical attainments and literary acquirements. His efforts have been crowned with success.

The *Emigrant* and *Old Countryman* is intended for use of the numerous British residents upon this continent—its details consisting of all the local news of the three Kingdoms; the numerous occurrences in the Mining, Agricultural, and Manufacturing districts, as well as the mighty Metropolis of England. The Internal Improvements, the corporation proceedings of the different towns and cities, remarkable Trials, &c., are faithfully recorded; also the sporting intelligence, state of the Markets, list of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. &c., all arranged under distinct heads, and adapted to such British residents in this country as cannot obtain access to the English papers.

The politics of the *Emigrant* and *Old Countryman* are liberal and impartial, and not warped by any feeling of party spirit whatever.

It is published every Wednesday at No. 77 Cedar-street, New York, at Three Dollars per annum payable in advance.

The extensive circulation of the *Emigrant* and *Old Countryman* among people from the old country, renders it an excellent vehicle for land and other advertisements, conveying information to persons lately arrived in this country.

The new volume commenced on the 6th ult., being the first Wednesday of the month.

The Proprietor and Editor return their hearty thanks to the public for the extraordinary patronage they have received, and pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting to render themselves worthy of it. As a proof of the rapidly extending circulation of the united papers, we may state that in the first three months after the junction, say from the 7th of October to the 7th of January, Four hundred and twenty four new subscribers were added.

THE LARGEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is not said in the spirit of vain boasting but because it can, with strict justice be declared of the *PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER*, which contains each week upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY distinct articles, in prose and poetry. Literature—science—the arts—the latest foreign and domestic news—police reports—sporting intelligence—notice of new works—besides an immense fund of miscellaneous intelligence—the drama—marriages—deaths—price of produce, merchandises, stocks, &c.—engravings—internal improvements, rail roads, canals—travelling—agriculture, &c. &c. embracing every variety of topics that can possibly be introduced into a public journal.

The *Philadelphia Saturday Courier* now established for near five years, is, we believe, universally acknowledged to have the largest number of Subscribers,

20,000!!

The largest variety of literature, entertainment and news, as well as being the largest and cheapest newspaper published in the United States. Notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, it is printed on a splendid Napier Steam Press, with unexampled rapidity; thus giving the account of sales markets and news to the latest dates.

The *Philadelphia Saturday Courier* is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week, enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to fifty volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by 150,000 to 200,000 people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the seaboard to the Lakes.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS and upwards have already been expended by the publishers of the *Saturday Courier* in Literary prizes and in payment to American writers.—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will shortly be offered in prizes for enriching its columns, the promotion of Knowledge, and the encouragement of American literature, of liberality believed to be unprecedented as their success has already been unexampled.

Orders, enclosing the address and amount of subscription and post paid, in all cases, will be assiduously attended to, if addressed to

WOODWARD & CLARKE,

Franklin Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

From the multitude of these, we refer the stranger to a brief extract, from one only for the sake of brevity, viz:

The *Saturday Courier* is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States.—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer.]